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MUSI

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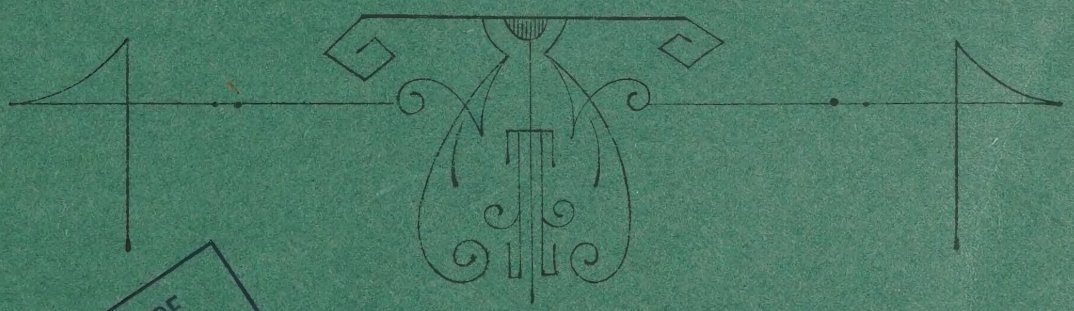
Four
SACRED SONGS.

BY

DAVID DICK SLATER.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.
A LITTLE WHILE.
THERE IS A GREEN HILL.
THE HARBOUR BELL.



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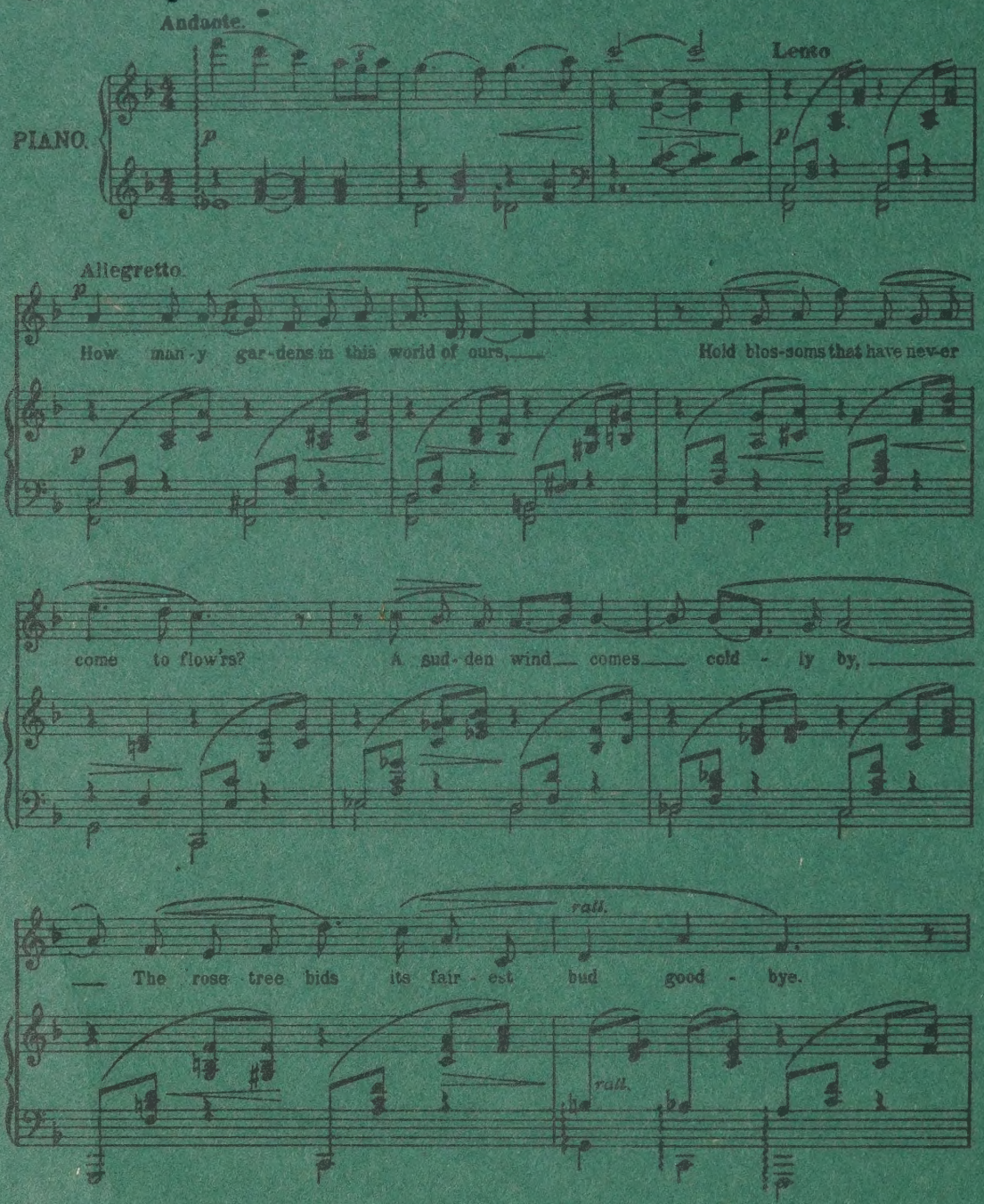
God remembers when the world forgets.

LOW MEDIUM HIGH

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.



How many gardens in this world of ours
Hold blossoms that have never come to flowers?
A sudden wind comes coldly by—
The rose tree bids its fairest bud good-bye.

How many ships of ours go out to sea
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,
And there is naught to do except forget.

How many wear a smile upon their face
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,
But God remembers when the world forgets.

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LBW No. 164

I heard the voice of Jesus say.

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Dr H. BONAR. DAVID DICK SLATER.

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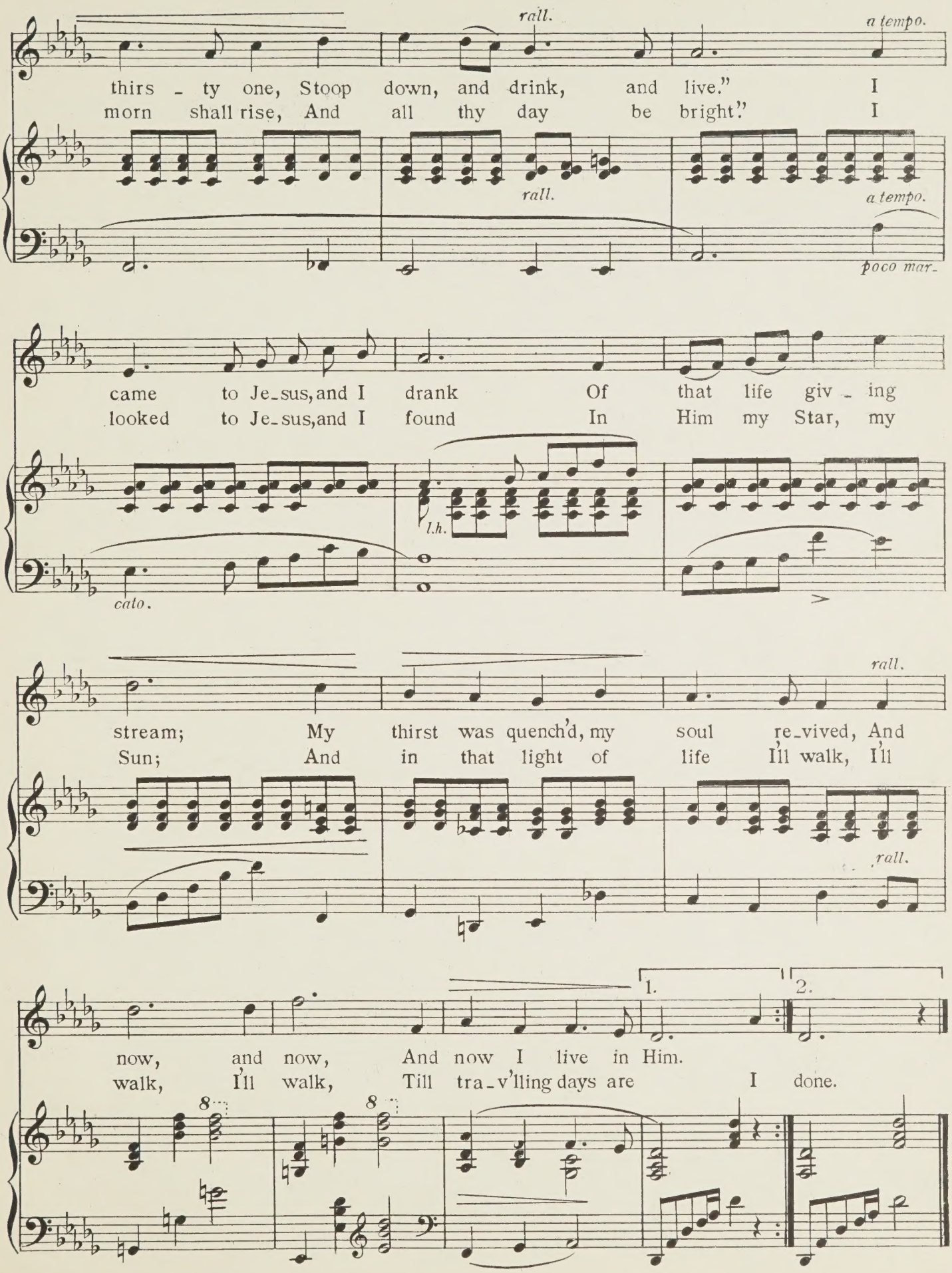
was Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I
l.h.
rall.
found in Him a rest - ing place, And He, and He, and
8
8
rall.
He has made me glad. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-
heard the voice of Je - sus say,
p
hold I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter,
"I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy


rall.
a tempo.
thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I
rall.
a tempo.
poco mar-
came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life giv - ing
looked to Je-sus, and I found In Him my Star, my
l.h.
cato.
rall.
stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And
Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, I'll
rall.
1.
2.
now, and now, And now I live in Him.
walk, I'll walk, Till tra-v'lling days are I done.
8
8

A little while.

JANE CREWDSON. DAVID DICK SLATER.

Andante cantabile.
p
rall.
1. O for the peace, that flow - eth as a riv - er, Mak-ing life's
2. 'A lit-tle while' the earth - en pitch-er tak - ing To way-side
des - ert pla - ces bloom and smile! O for the faith to grasp heav'ns light for-
brooks, from far-off foun - tains fed; Then the cool lip its thirst for - ev - er

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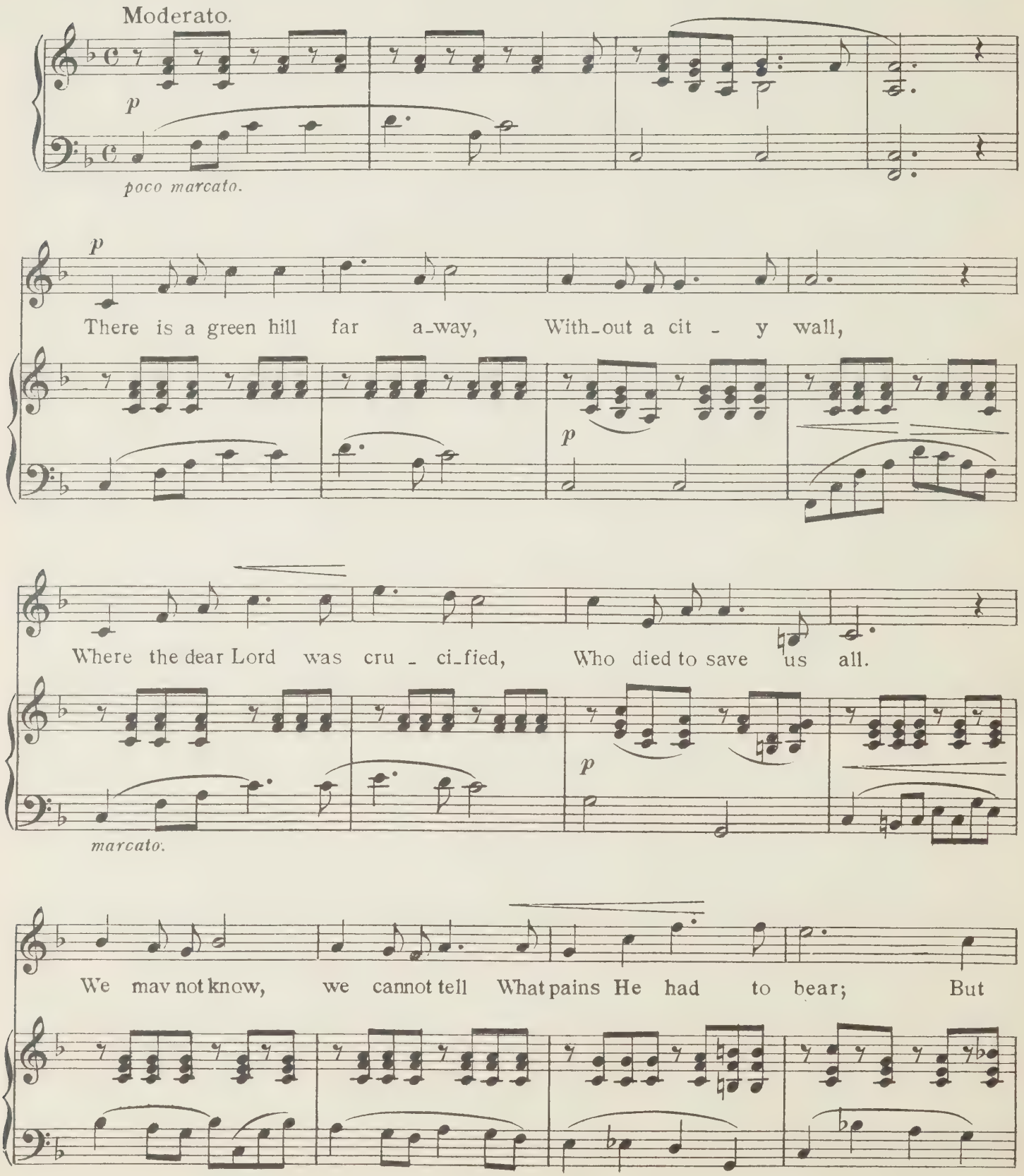
rit.
a tempo.
ev - er, A-mid the shad - ows of earth's lit-tle while!' 'A lit-tle
slak - ing, Be-side the ful-ness of the Foun - tain head. 'A lit-tle
rit.
a tempo.
while' for pa-tient vig - il keep - ing, To face the stern, to wres - tle with the
while' to keep the oil from fail - ing, 'A lit-tle while' faith's flick'-ring lamp to
strong; 'A lit-tle while' to sow the seed with weep - ing, Then bind the
trim; And then, the Bride-groom's com - ing foot-steps hail - ing, To haste to
rit.
sheaves, and sing the har - vest song.
meet Him with the bri - dal hymn!
rall. e dim.
rit.

There is a green hill.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. DAVID DICK SLATER.


Moderato.
p
poco marcato.
p
There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall,
p
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
p
marcato.
We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to bear; But

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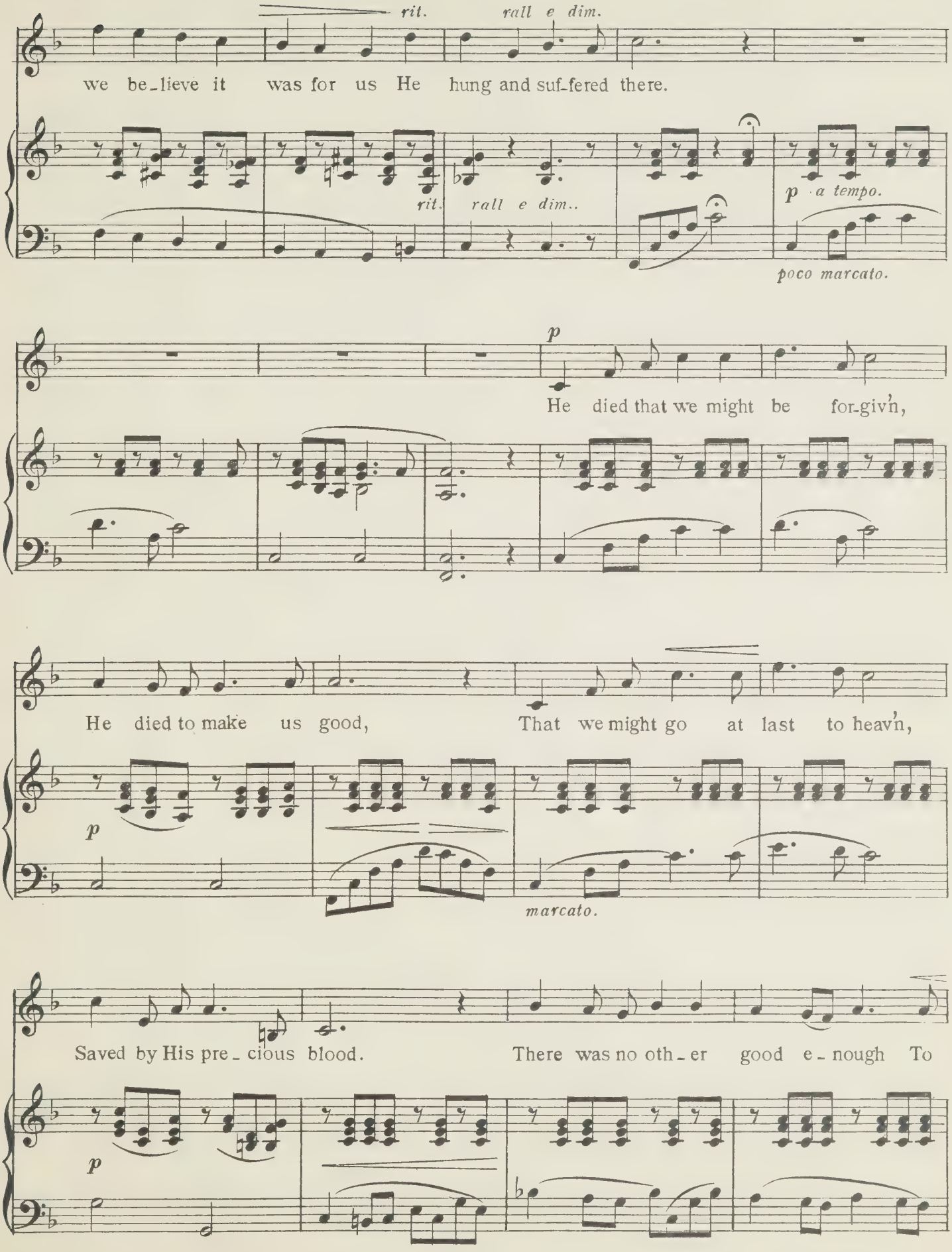
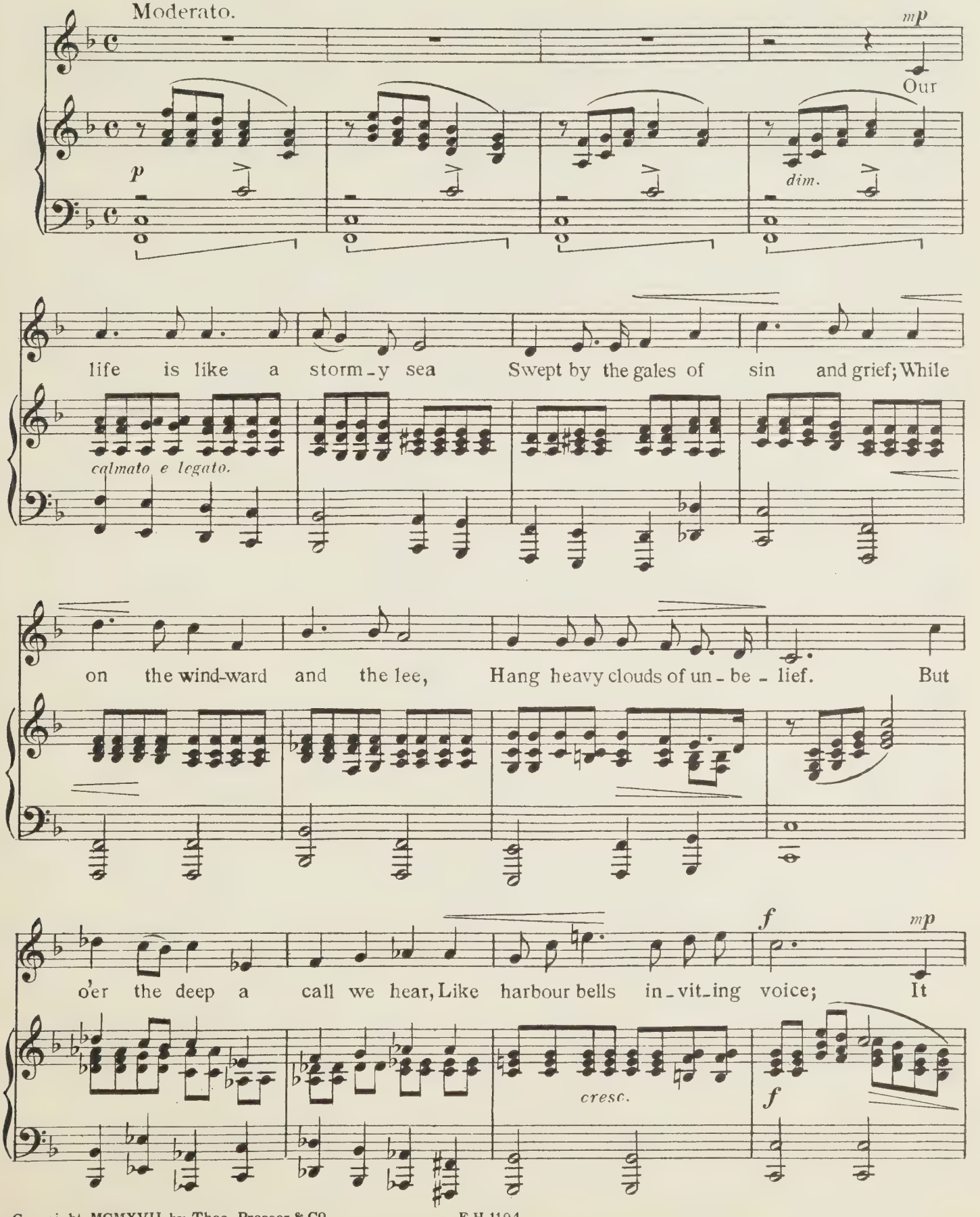

rit.
rall e dim.
we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
rit.
rall e dim..
p a tempo.
poco marcato.
p
He died that we might be for-giv'n,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav'n,
p
marcato.
Saved by His pre-cious blood.
There was no oth-er good e-nough To
p

rit.
pay the price of sin; He on - ly could un - lock the gate of
rit.
rall. e dim.
p
con anima.
heav'n and let us in. Oh, dear - - ly, dear-ly has He loved! And
a tempo.
rall e dim.
p
armonioso.
we must love Him too; And trust in His re-deem-ing
rall e dim.
pp
blood, And try His works to do.
molto rit.
rall e dim.
pp

The harbour bell.

JOHN H. YATES. DAVID DICK SLATER.


Moderato.
mp
Our
p
dim.
life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the gales of sin and grief; While
calmato e legato.
on the wind-ward and the lee, Hang heavy clouds of un-be-lief. But
f
mp
o'er the deep a call we hear, Like harbour bells in-vit-ing voice; It
cresc.
f

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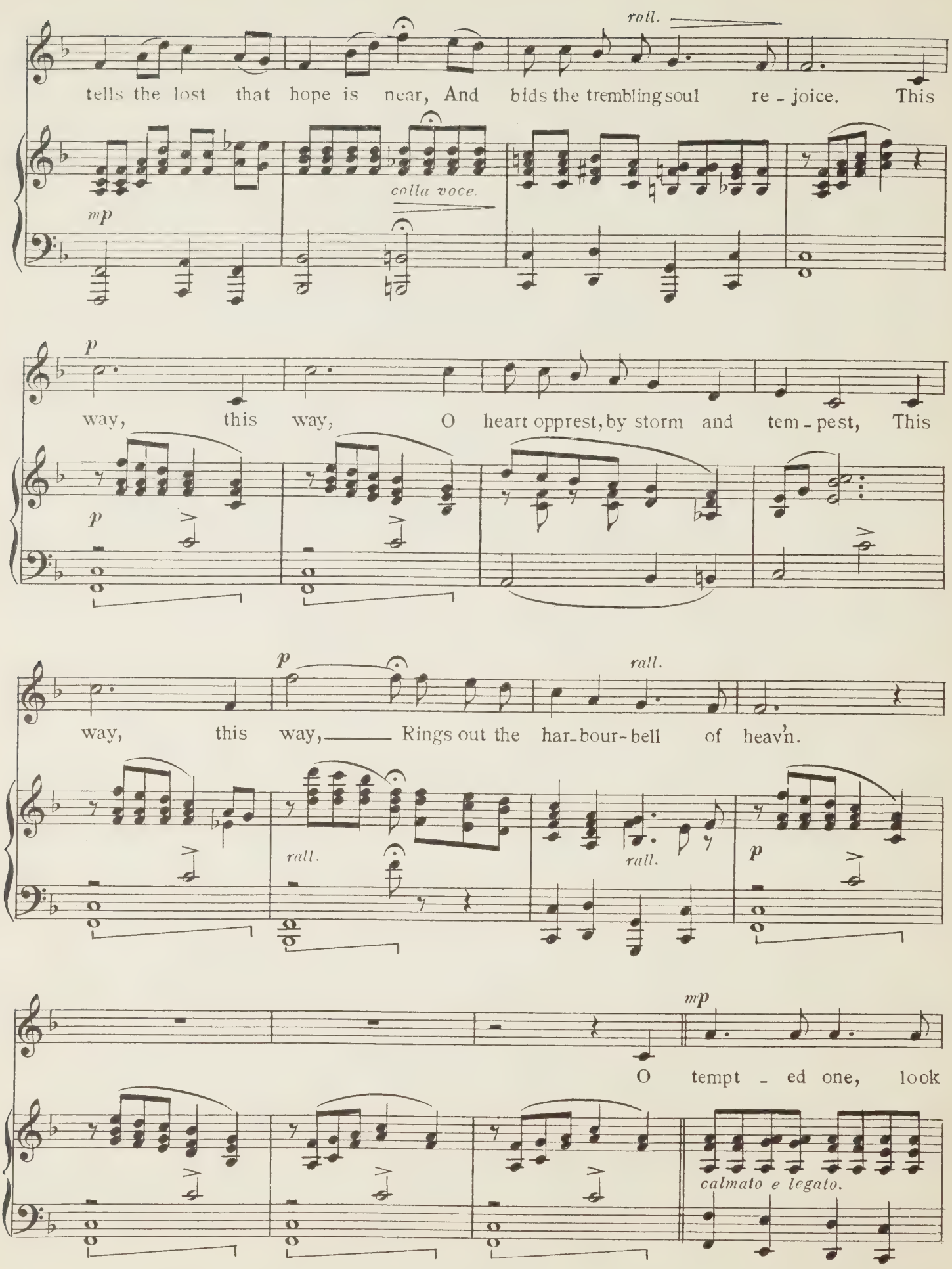
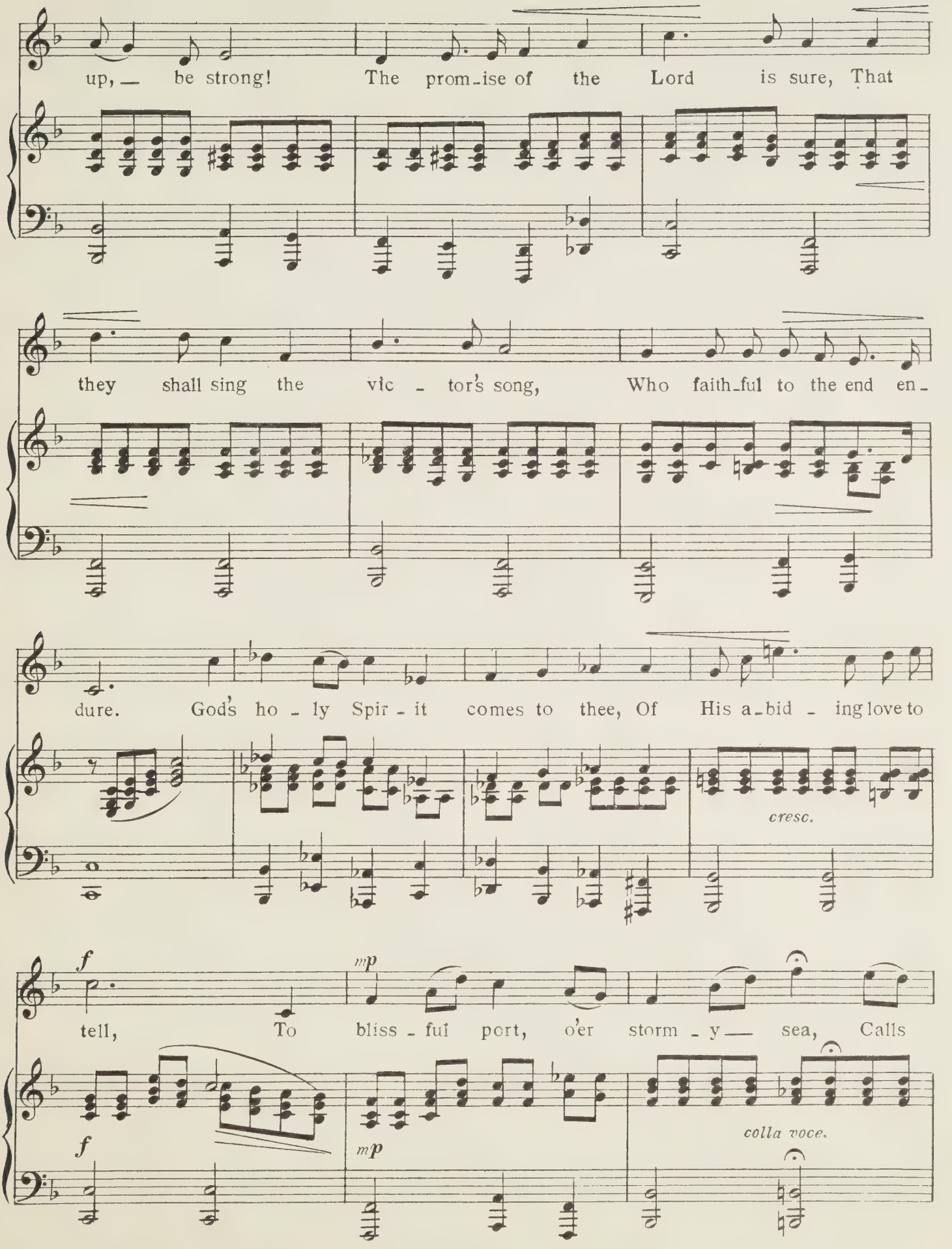

rall.
tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the trembling soul re - joice. This
mp
colla voce.
p
way, this way, O heart oppress, by storm and tem - pest, This
p
p
rall.
way, this way, Rings out the har - bour - bell of heav'n.
rall.
rall.
p
mp
O tempt - ed one, look
calmato e legato.


up, — be strong! The prom-ise of the Lord is sure, That
they shall sing the vic - tor's song, Who faith-ful to the end en-
dure. God's ho - ly Spir - it comes to thee, Of His a-bid - ing love to
cresc.
f
mp
tell, To bliss - ful port, o'er storm - y — sea, Calls
f
mp
colla voce.

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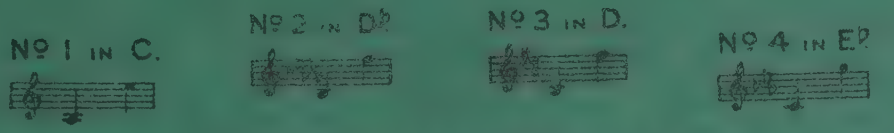
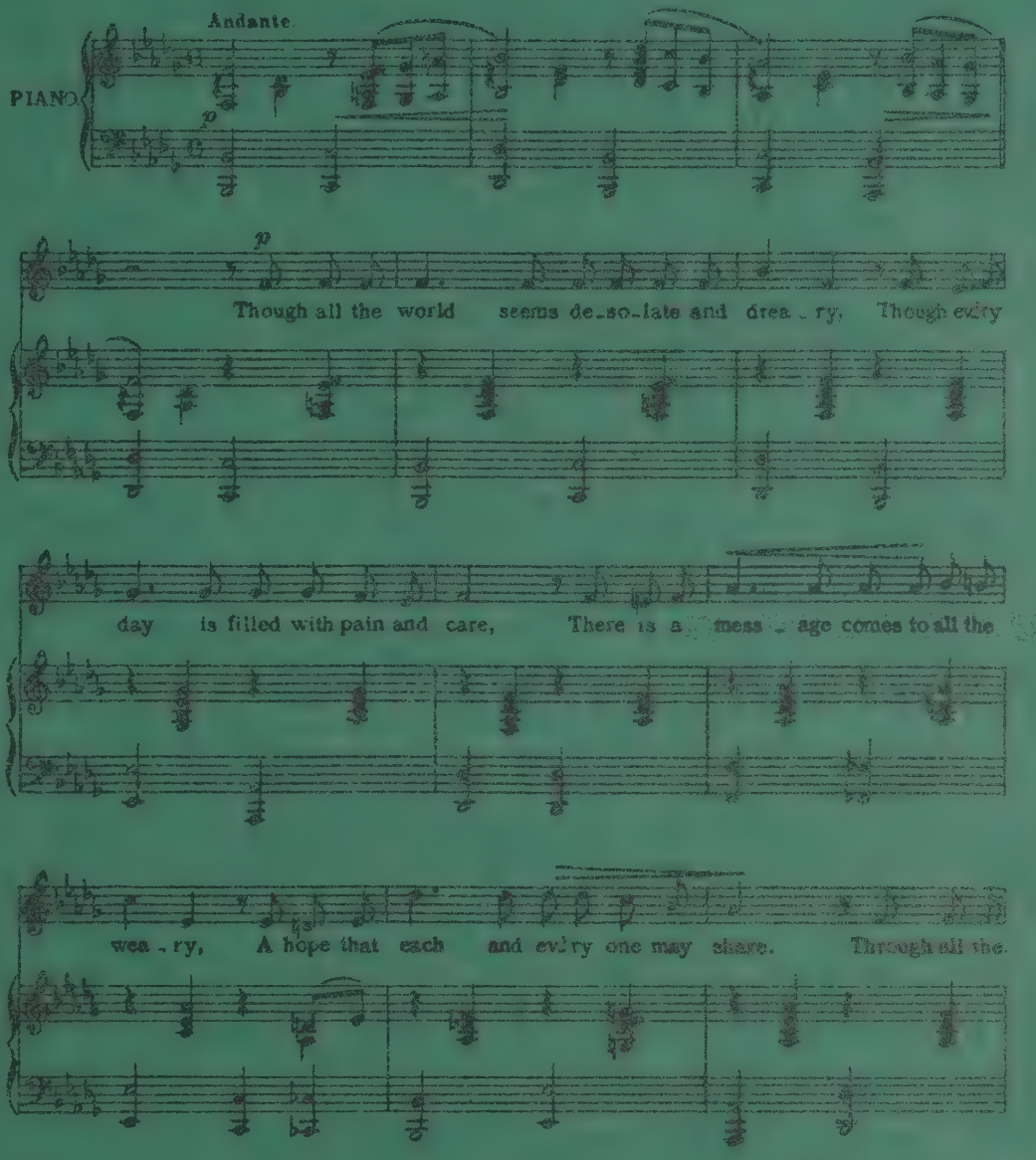


COME UNTO ME.

Written and Composed by **ELZA DOUN.**


Andante.
PIANO.
p
Though all the world seems de-so-late and drea-ry, Though ev'ry
day is filled with pain and care, There is a mess-age comes to all the
wea-ry, A hope that each and ev'ry one may share. Through all the

Though all the world seems desolate and dreary,
Though every day is filled with pain and care.
There is a message comes to all the weary,
A hope that each and ev'ry one may share.
Through all the years it comes to banish sadness.
From out the dark it shines serene and clear.
To ev'ry heart it brings a note of gladness,
It soothes our pain and drives away all fear.
"Come unto Me" ye who are heavy hearted,
"Come unto Me" and I will give you rest.
Thus saith the voice whene'er the tears have started.

Come lay thy weary head upon my breast.
O heart grown cold through days of blinding sorrow,
Hark 'tis His voice and He is calling thee.
Do not delay or wait not for to-morrow.
Heed thou the precious words, "Come unto Me."

Turn ye to Him and all your days will brighten.
Into your life the sun will shine again.
The load you carried with your pain will lighten.
All will be hope where darkest doubt has sin.
Here in these words you'll find a balm for weeping,

He heals the hearts that come to him for aid.
Give thou thy life into His loving keeping.
And then of sin thou shalt not be afraid.
"Come unto Me", ye who are heavy hearted,
"Come unto Me" and I will give you rest,
Thus saith the voice whene'er the tears have started.
Come lay thy weary head upon my breast.
O heart grown cold through days of blinding sorrow,
Hark, 'tis His voice and He is calling thee.
Do not delay, or wait not for to-morrow.
Heed thou the precious words, "Come unto Me."

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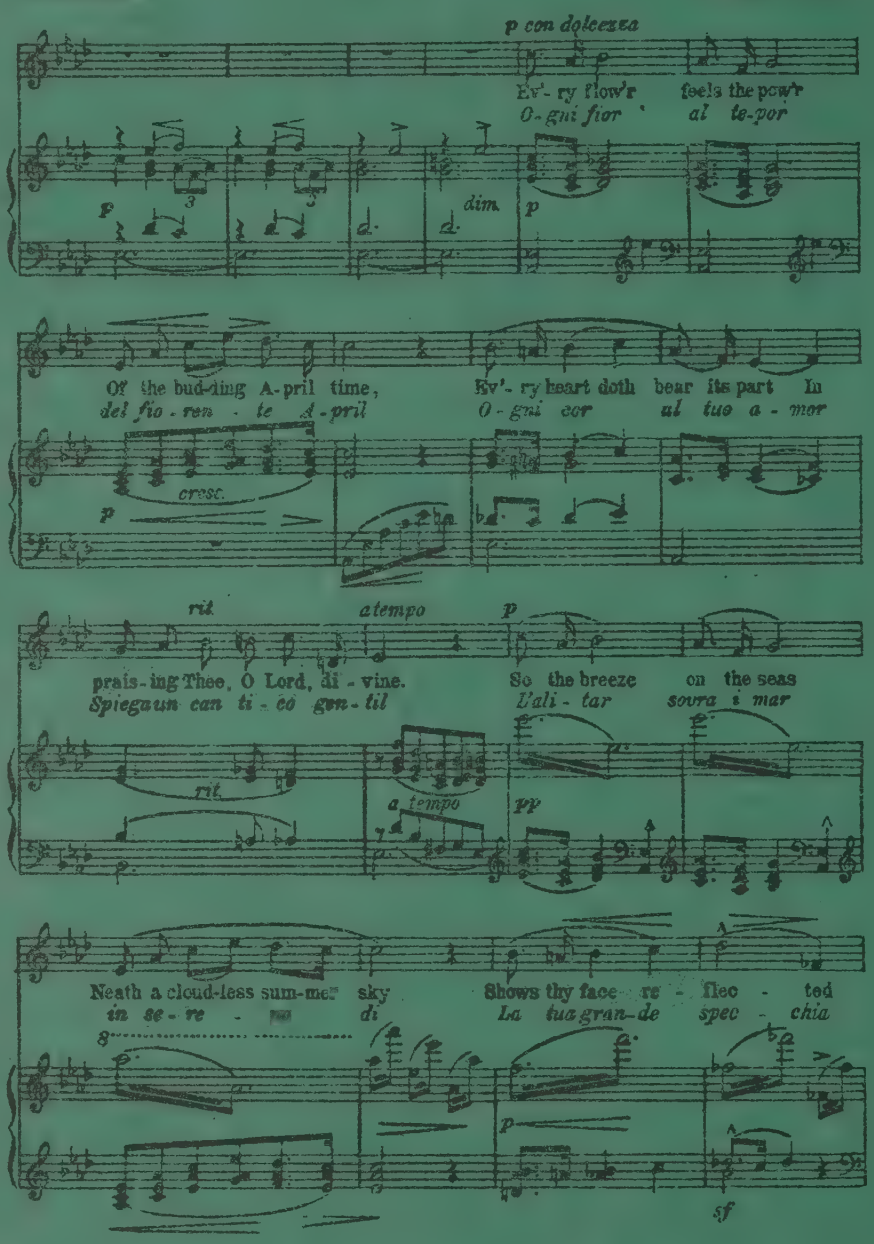
GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SCHUYLER.

Music by
A. BUZZI PECCIA.


p con dolcezza
Ev'- ry flow'r feels the pow'r
O - gni fior al te-por
dim.
Of the bud-ding A-pril time,
Ev'- ry heart doth bear its part In
del fio - ren - te A - pril
O - gni cor ul tuo a - mor
cresc.
rit
a tempo
prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di - vine.
So the breeze on the seas
Spiegaun can ti - co gen - til
L'ali - tar sovra i mar
rit.
a tempo
Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky
Shows thy face re - flec - ted
in se - re - no di
La tua gran-de spec - chia
sf

Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art.
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night.
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!
Glory thou who art Lord of all;
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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